

A PSALM OF A PREACHER'S GRATITUDE

by Pastor Bert

Lord,
So many voices
personalities,
points of view
clamor for attention,
with scarcely a hearing.
Yet each week
as I mount pulpit
to preach,
still plying
this ancient craft,
eager ears
open hearts
and unguarded minds
await.

O Lord, what privilege
what opportunity
what responsibility.
May they only,
ever
hear Thy Word.

Ah, but Lord,
Thy Word...
precious,
pure,
eternal,
How could I dare
to take such consuming fire
upon impure,
combustible
lips?

Here is true privilege:
incomparable mercy,
mystery of grace,
Not that they listen,
But that You speak
through me
not incinerated
only purified.

Thanksgiving, 1995